

Good 581 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

NOTHING like it had ever happened before in London—in Britain. Some newspapers called it the Battle of Sydney Street. But it wasn't really a battle. It was a siege. I was there. I saw it. I was rushed down there in a newspaper car. I got out in the drizzly morning and stood watching until the afternoon; not always watching—rushing now and then to the telephone, writing up snatches and hurling boys (and men) into cabs to catch the editions! Cabling, too. It was the real old Chicago stuff right in the heart of London's East End. The date was January 3rd, 1911. Happy New Year!

NOW, the whole truth about the Sydney Street affair has never yet been told, probably never will be told; but I can give some flashes that may illumine some dark corners.

First of all, the Sydney Street siege was but the culminating crisis of something that started in December, 1910. From some reports of the crisis it was a fight with Communists, anarchists, of whom Peter the Painter was supposed to be the leader.

But Peter the Painter—his real name was Peter Piakon—wasn't there at all. It sounds idiotic to say so when everybody was talking of Peter. Well, I have it on the authority of Sir Melville Macnaghten, then head of Scotland Yard, that Peter was not in England at the time. But the public had got hold of Peter the Painter's flash name. . . .

The beginning of the whole business was back in December, when a young chap named Levi rented some premises in Houndsditch. With him was a girl who was maybe his wife, maybe not.

The reason he rented this place was because there was a jeweller's shop in Exchange



Buildings, which backed on to the said premises. Levi and three other men, George Gardstein (whose real name was Morountzeff), Fritz Svaars and Joseph Vogel, intended to bore their way through the wall and get at

shop drew the notice of a policeman to the noises. The policeman sent round word for assistance, and Sergt. Bentley came with some other officers to investigate.

First thing Bentley did was to hammer on Levi's door. It was opened cautiously by Fritz Svaars, and when Bentley asked what was going on, Svaars tried to slam the door in his face.

But Bentley had his boot well

mortally wounded. Sergt. Bryant got a bullet in the head. Constable Woodhams got a bullet in the thigh. It was all done in a few seconds.

Then Gardstein began to descend the stairs, and as he came down one of his pals began to shoot wildly from above. Down went Gardstein, with a load of lead in his back. The shooter of Gardstein then leaped out by the door and fled.

The shooting had attracted

the jeweller's safe and stock. All four were Letts by nationality.

The police of Houndsditch sometimes on their rounds heard hammering going on from inside the house rented by Levi; but not much attention was paid to this until on the night of December 16th the proprietor of a fancy goods

placed, and Svaars set up a yell to his chief, Gardstein, and ran back from the door. Bentley and his men entered the dimly lit hall. As they did so Gardstein appeared on a landing above and began to shoot. He shot with some accuracy. Down went Bentley. Down went Sergt. Tucker,

From odd corners and doorways civilians took pot-shots at No. 100.

other officers in neighbouring streets. P.C. Choate came running. He was unarmed, but he saw the man running and flung himself at him. They went down together, but the revolver spoke several times. Choate dropped, tried to rise, still groping through mist and blood for his assailant. Another shot and P.C. Choate was finished with policing for ever. He had eight wounds when picked up later.

Inside the house there was the heap of dead and dying officers. The district was getting alive with people and more police; yet in spite of that, Fritz Svaars and Joseph Vogel lifted Gardstein, carried him off, a woman accompanying them. They took Gardstein to Svaars' lodgings in Grove Street, Whitechapel.

And where was Levi? I have it from the police information that Svaars and Vogel raked the streets for him that night after leaving Gardstein in "safety." Svaars and Vogel evidently thought that Levi had shot the chief deliberately. They wanted Levi for that. But they never got him. Levi dodged like a rat, as he was, and ultimately got over



Behind this window the assassins hid.

to Paris. The police tried to get him extradited later on, but owing to lack of legal proof that he was connected with the murders, he couldn't be brought

(Continued on Page 3)

Dorothy (and Friends) Greet A.B. Jock Glegg



REMEMBER your old friends Maurice and Kenny at 5 Natal Road, Chatham, Kent, A.B. Jock Glegg?

They certainly remember you, and were quite pleased to pose with your fiancée for a photograph for Uncle Jock. Mickey the cat is another who is awaiting your home-coming with interest, and meanwhile he is keeping his hand in at bringing home rabbits, for he knows they make a tasty meal for you.

Dorothy has been hearing regularly from your mother, and reports that your whole family are in good health.

She wondered whether you would remember the Edward, where her father is maintaining his reputation as a darts player. We didn't doubt that you would remember it.

Well, that's all the news there is from No. 5, but with it comes all Dorothy's love, A.B. Jock Glegg.

These Family Pensions are not for us all

AFTER the war our generals and admirals will be rewarded for their services, but it is certain that it will not be in the same way as the generals and admirals of 150 years ago! Then it was the customary thing to award a pension, and a thankful nation, being generous at the expense of posterity, often made the pension, not for life, but to the family for ever!

Our forefathers laid up a pretty debt for us in this way, and one which is only being slowly liquidated. We cannot legally or morally repudiate these pensions, and the only way to end them is to buy them out.

This was done on the recommendation of a Select Committee on Pensions with the £4,000 a year awarded to the Duke of Marlborough and his heirs. About £600,000 had been paid when the nation redeemed its promise with a capital payment of £100,000.

The Duke, of course, still enjoys Blenheim Palace, for which he pays the Crown a rent of one shilling a year, the price of a flag, but the cost of upkeep must require a great deal more than the £4,000 a year in these days.

The King also receives a small silk Union Jack every year as rent for the estate of Strathfield Saye, presented to the first Duke of Wellington as a token of gratitude for his victories. And the descendants of Lord Nelson receive £5,000 a year, awarded to the great admiral in 1806. The nation has now paid over three-quarters of a million pounds, which must make Nelson's victories amongst the most expensive of the 19th century.

Lord Rodney was granted a pension of £2,000 a year in perpetuity. This was commuted some time ago for £42,000. The pension granted to Sir John Colborne, the great soldier, and his heirs for ever, was also deemed—after £200,000 had been paid.

Not all the "perpetual pensions" are big ones, nor all the pensioners famous. Fifteen hundred descendants of one Peter Morice, or the persons to whom they have sold their rights, get £2-10s. each in honour of a pledge made to Morice in 1583 that if he set up a waterwheel at London Bridge, London would pay him £3,750 a year for 500 years.

Another much-divided pension is that awarded to Richard

Penderel and his heirs by Charles II for his services in hiding him at the famous oak at Boscombe when being pursued by Roundheads. A lawsuit a few years ago showed that Penderel's descendants are scattered in all parts of the world, having shares of from 15s. to £100 a year.

One of the strangest—and smallest—perpetual pensions is the sixteen shillings or so a year, equivalent to a Saxon mark, paid to the vicar of Pinhoe in thanks for services rendered by a predecessor in A.D. 1001 to King Ethelred. Just what the service was is now uncertain.

When Spain conquered Montezuma in Mexico, pensions were granted to his descendants. In 1823 Mexico became an independent republic, and it was decided to continue the pensions "provisionally and for the present." In 1928 someone seems to have decided to look into the matter, and it was agreed that "provisionally," even in a land of mañana, could hardly last 103 years! The pensions were stopped, £200,000 having been paid out.

Hardly a perpetual pension, but certainly one of the longest ever drawn, came to light in Britain a few years ago, when a woman established her right to a pension—as the widow of a Waterloo veteran!

Her husband was a 16-year-old bugler at Waterloo. When he was 80 he married her—a bride of 17, and hence the perfectly genuine claim to a pension based on services rendered more than a century before!

ROBERT DE WITT.

MEMORIAL HOME.

A CONVALESCENT home for all Hampshire serving and ex-Service men and women, including those in the Merchant Navy, is suggested as a county war memorial by the Hampshire British Legion.

The suggestion, which is being considered by local authorities throughout Hampshire, originated with Captain L. J. G. Anderson, a keen worker for ex-Servicemen and chairman of Winchester Rural District Council.

Practically every village and town has its war memorial for those who died in the last war. Captain Anderson suggests that a county memorial would be both popular and profitable. At the same time it would "avoid expenditure of money on stone crosses and things of that sort which are of no value to the living."

If the local authorities which have been approached—there are some thirty in Hampshire—agree with the idea of a county war memorial, Captain Anderson suggests that the Lord Lieutenant should be asked to appoint a special committee to consider any schemes put forward.

Correction

We regret that, owing to a printer's error, the letter published in our last number from A.B., Forth read: "I think 'Good Morning' is lovely." This should have been, of course, "lousy."

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



IT takes a long time to get some jobs done—the Suez Canal took seventeen years to construct and cost £12 million—but the record must surely be held by the Harrisons, landlords of the Birch Hall Inn at Beck Hole, a tiny Yorkshire village on the Goathland Moors.

Three hundred and forty-four years went past before they managed to get an inn sign for their hostelry—but, with true Yorkshire thrift, they got the best one in the land—worth a thousand guineas—for nothing!

And behind the acquisition lies a story. The first George Harrison built the pub in 1600. That guy sure knew a thing or two about construction, because the Birch Hall stands today exactly as it did when the last stone was laid. The Harrisons were mighty proud of their pile, because they never let it out of the family. The eldest son always succeeded to the title deeds; but although every Harrison tried to get a sign worthy of the pub and his ancestors, it was not until the thirteenth landlord came along that things really began to hum.

THE present George Harrison is 75 years of age, but he's accomplished a lot in his time. And the greatest job he's done was to satisfy the family honour by obtaining a sign that is famous for miles around.

But unless Nazi terror bombers had swooped low over Hampstead one night with a cargo of incendiaries, the Birch Hall would have been an inn without a sign.

Beck Hole is only a tiny place. Thirty people live there, and the number hasn't varied for the last eighty years. What it lacks in quantity, however, it makes up for in quality, for it is one of the prettiest villages in a part of the world renowned for beauty.

But back to the Hampstead blitz. When the incendiaries went whistling down from the bomb bays, a sizable packet landed smack into the studio of Algernon Newton, bearded 64-year-old Royal Academician.

Battered, but not beaten, Algy salvaged what he could, set off with his wife, his canvases and his palettes for Beck Hole, where he set up house in the Lord Nelson, Beck Hole's pub No. 2. The Nelson shut its doors several years ago, bowed its head to the fierce competition from the Beck Hole, and closed the bar for the last time after being open from 1678.

DOWN at the Birch Hall one night, Newton heard the story of the 344-year-old quest for a sign worthy of the inn.

"I'll have a shot at that sign for you," he told landlord Harrison. It took seven weeks' hard work, but by the time he had finished, Algernon Newton, R.A., famed for his landscapes and country house portraits, had produced a masterpiece.

When the job was done, he had the picture specially framed, then handed it over to the villagers as a gift.

"The picture's estimated to be worth a thousand guineas," landlord Harrison told me. "The villagers think the world of it. When the weather's fine they take their drinks outside, admire it, and toast Mr. Newton."

And if you go at the right time of year you'll also see the salmon gallantly trying to leap this giant waterfall. They always fail, and all exhausted into the foaming waters at the base of the jagged rocks. But even if you don't see a salmon make the grade, the trip over the slippery rocks and up and down the steep hill-sides that chart the course of the river is well worth while.

And call in at the Birch Hall for a glass of sparkling ale. Sit down in the tiny parlour—and remember the 344 years' quest by the thirteen Harrisons for a sign. You'll enjoy the day out—I did.

ROBERT BURNS died 148 years ago at the age of 37—of drink, the story goes.

But it wasn't drink. It was subacute infective endocarditis—an inflammation of the heart—says Dr. Sydney Watson Smith, a former president of the Medical Association, in the "British Medical Journal."

Dr. Smith explains that the condition with the long name Burns did die of caused the "anxiety and dreadful suspense" of his last days. And his habits were no worse—probably better—than most men of his time.

Good time was had by all, I imagine.

ALEX CRACK

I put up my hand in school one day. The teacher answered "No!" But I was only fooling teacher, I didn't want to go.

Apply to the Ancient Company of Purbeck Marblers

By ALEXANDER
DILKE



"They tell me there's some roof-spotters from London, taking a holiday here, Doris!"

THERE are other courts besides ordinary law ones, Act of 1856, but many have and some are relics of a Britain remained in being as "Associations." At a recent meeting of the Melton Mowbray Association, the only "business" recently at the Bristol Channel was the imposition of 1s. fines on 12 members who did not attend the annual dinner.

When the annual Society of Arundel met the secretary was able to report "Criminals brought to justice—nil. Rewards—nil."

But the notice to attend the court is still served in the old language of feudal days and at least technically the court has still the power to prescribe the ducking of a scolding wife or the whip and stocks for other offenders.

In these days the court meets at a local inn, and jurors and officers alike are served with a special drink at the end of business.

Many of these "Court Leets" in ancient towns still meet, each with its special customs. The "jurors" are not men who hear a case as in the modern sense, but commonest living on Crown land. The court hears their complaints about infringement of their rights as commoners.

When the Court of the "Island and Royal Manor of Portsmouth" met earlier in the war, jurors told of the static water tanks erected for air-raid fire fighting.

In the 18th, and early 19th, centuries many "Societies for Prosecuting Felons, Thieves, miscreants and other Criminals" were formed by local tradesmen and farmers to supplement the work of a by no means perfect police and law system.

The need for these societies

disappeared with the Police Act of 1856, but many have remained in being as "Associations." At a recent meeting of the Melton Mowbray Association, the only "business" recently at the Bristol Channel was the imposition of 1s. fines on 12 members who did not attend the annual dinner.

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The oldest court in Britain is generally believed to be the Court of Swainmote and Attachment held in the New Forest.

This is more than 900 years old, and was once very powerful, with a considerable force of officials. Now, only six verifiers and the Clerk remain, but they retain the power to commit any offender against the forest laws.

The Court of the Ancient Company of Purbeck Marblers still meets periodically at Corfe Castle in Dorset. To-day its chief business is to accept apprentices to the marble quarrying trade.

The apprentices have to walk up the steps of the Town Hall bearing their "dues"—a penny loaf, a quart of beer and 6s. 8d.

A little known court that has considerable power is that known as Beth-Din, or the House of Judgement. This is a Jewish Court in London. It is entirely "voluntary" on matters other than those concerned with ritual law, but when parties come before it, they sign a declaration that they will abide by its judgment, and this is binding in English law.

There are no lawyers, no oaths, no fees and no ushers. The public is not admitted. All in the court keep their hats on during the proceedings. Most of the "civil" cases concern disputed debts. Generally the court is presided over by the Chief Rabbi.

QUIZ for today

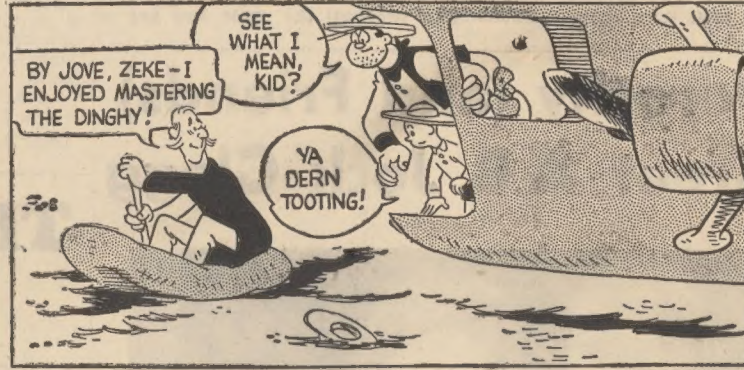
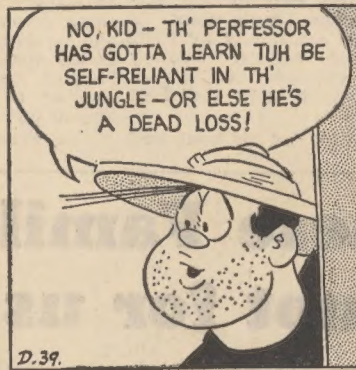
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Month, Year, Day, Century, Epoch, Week, Hour.

Answers to Quiz in No. 580

1. A gamut is a dance, insect, drink, tool, range of sounds, small antelope?
2. Who is called the Father of Modern Surgery?
3. The Royal Academy was founded in: 1668, 1698, 1738, 1768, 1788?
4. What French king earned his living as a schoolmaster?
5. For what sport is the Scorton Arrow awarded?

1. Rumanian carol.
2. Hippocrates of Cos; about 440 B.C.
3. Swift's "Gulliver's Travels."
4. Paderewski, Prime Minister of Poland.
5. Because of their lead weights, plumbum being Latin for lead.
6. August is a summer month; others aren't

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—520

1. Insert consonants in *O**A*I*E and *UYE**E and get two districts in France.

2. Here are two things connected with railways, but their syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?

TENITO — KITCATS.

3. If "butter" is the "but" of rations, what is the but of (a) Musical Instruments, (b) Society?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 519

1. RHINELAND, HOLSTEIN.

2. COUNTER—WINDOW.

3. (a) Whiff, (b) Piffle.

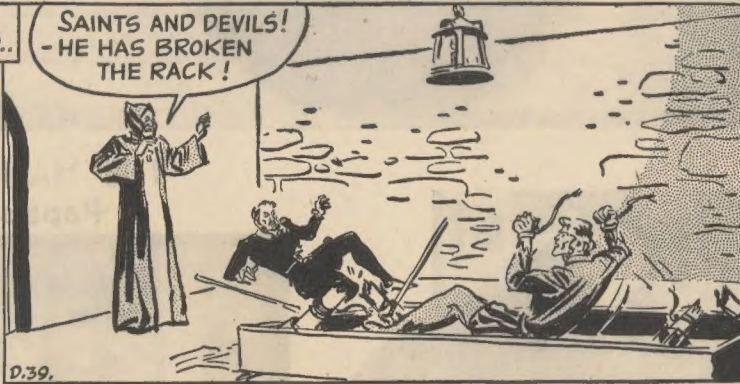
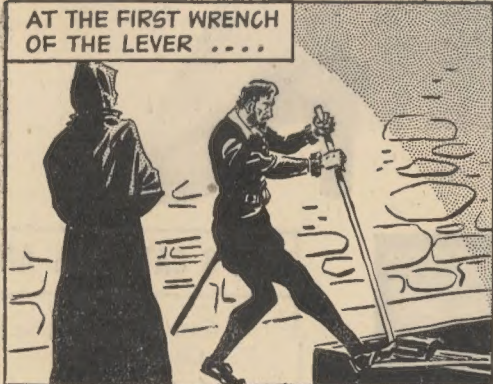
JANE



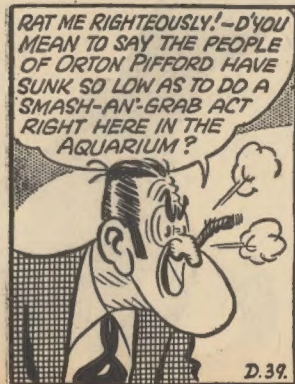
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Siege of Sydney Street

(Continued from Page 1)

back. So wipe Levi out of the case from now.

The police were looking for Gardstein and Co. They had bands of detectives out, and one of them found that at three o'clock on the morning of the shooting a Dr. Scanlan had been called by two foreign women to attend to a man who was "bad."

Dr. Scanlan followed the women along the dark streets until he came to Grove Street; and into a dark doorway and up a dark stair, with matches to light the way, the doctor went; and into a dark room—and there lay a man shot through the lungs and stomach.

The man was Gardstein, but the doctor didn't know it. The wounded man begged in broken English for something to ease his pain. His case was hopeless, and the doctor said he must go to hospital. At this, one of the women flew into a temper and said he would not go to hospital. She went back with the doctor to his surgery,

where he gave her something for the dying man, and said he would call again in the morning.

When he called next morning the man was dead. The doctor told the police. The police went and saw the dead Gardstein, and under his pillow (if you could call it a pillow) they found a revolver and lots of ammunition.

In the next room (really a hovel) they came across a woman, called Sara Trass-jonsky, burning papers and documents. They arrested her. But again, proof of her being implicated in the murders was lacking, and she was acquitted.

Now, I want to impress on you that the difficulties of the police were colossal. Inquiries that were made brought out every type of liar and criminal in the East End. Added to that was the fact that many of these were foreigners who spoke little English, were uneducated, and didn't care what they said. They made statements, contradicted them, made new ones,

and contradicted these, too.

It was known that Gardstein posed as an artist and had rooms in Gold Street, off Whitechapel Road. These rooms were raided. There was enough ammunition and ingredients there to blow up half Whitechapel—soft-nosed bullets, nitric acid, mercury, potassium, scientific works on explosives, and a collection of anarchist literature.

December closed and New Year opened. The inquiries were still going on by troops of detectives and policemen. On January 2nd a woman living in Sydney Street was suspected and shadowed. She led her shadowers to No. 100 Sydney Street, a four-storied building, shabby and grim.

The house was let in apartments to many people, among them being a Mrs. Betsy Gershon, a Russian dressmaker. Mrs. Gershon was acquainted with Joseph Vogel, and at last the police discovered that Joseph Vogel and Fritz Svaars were inside at that moment.

Oh, there were more discoveries. The police were told (never mind how) that Svaars and Vogel were armed with Mauser pistols, had ammunition in abundance, and had sworn that if the cops came they would shoot as many as possible and then burn down the house about their own ears.

At one o'clock on the morning of 3rd January a force of fifty City police in plain clothes and forty Metropolitan police were moved down to the street.

Four of the police carried rifles picked up from a rifle range. Fifteen had revolvers—of a sort.

The house was surrounded. But the trouble was to get the other inhabitants out and to clear the houses opposite. And after that the siege was to begin.

At 4 a.m. a hundred police from the City Force and an-

other hundred from the Metropolitan Force arrived. A cordon was drawn round the building.

The police waited. At 7 a.m. a knock was given on the door. No answer.

A handful of gravel was thrown against the window of the room where Svaars and Vogel were hiding.

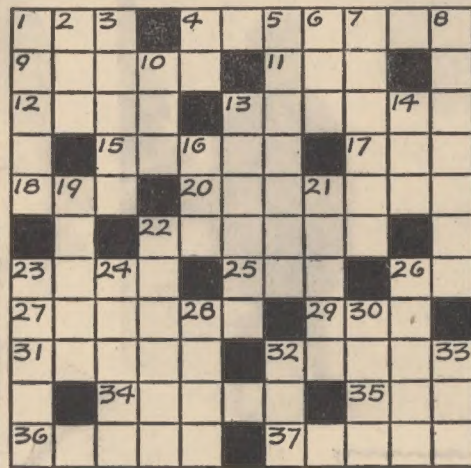
Maybe the two desperadoes thought the gravel was bullets. Anyway, from the room came a storm of firing, sweeping the street. Police scattered and ran for cover.

Det.-Sergt. Leeson, trying to get over the roof of an out-building opposite, was shot in the chest. He was dragged to safety.

The siege was on, in full blast, when, an hour or so later, I arrived on the scene.

(To be concluded to-morrow)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1 Front.

4 Near land.

9 At a distance.

11 Metal.

12 Fluent.

13 Give rise to.

15 Brown.

17 Fish.

18 Female animal.

20 Sort of spear.

22 Learned man.

23 Jetty.

25 Money.

26 Anno Domini.

27 Dissimilar.

29 Antelope.

31 Time off.

32 Gem.

34 Verbal form.

35 Tree.

36 Small fish.

37 Church avenue.

MOCK TOECAP
ENRICH LOCH
ICED EFFACE
FEW FRO TOW
E ENAMEL R
RELIC MIDDY
Q PARADE A
SUM DON DEN
PIECES BULK
ANNA ICICLE
REDDEN BEAD

CLUES DOWN.

1 Uncertain.

2 Completely.

3 Row.

4 Supposing.

5 Need.

6 Hurry.

7 Wild ass.

8 Used.

10 Decoration.

13 Ring.

14 Bronze.

16 Turn over.

19 Dog's cry.

21 Elude.

22 Nonsense.

23 Tugs.

24 Cheer up.

26 Of the ear.

28 County.

30 Catches.

32 Climber.

33 Washing solution.



PHIZ QUIZ

Owens racehorses.

Trains racehorses.

Backs racehorses. Goes to racecourses. When he is not thinking about horses he sings a little. Quite pleasantly.

(Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 580: Joe Louis.



"On the contrary, dear, a route march is just when you DO need a chaperone!"

Good Morning

"Well, well, if it isn't old Hoa-Haka - Nana - Ja himself! Looking swell, too."



THIS ENGLAND. This picture stands as a permanent record of (a) the market square at Newbury in a flurry of snow; and (b) "Fuse" Wilson's noble sacrifice. Seems "The Old Waggon and Horses" had just got its supplies in — including one small barrel of Extra Strong Ale — yet "Fuse" went boldly out into the snow and got his picture!

"That's milk, you crazy kitten, M-I-L-K! You're supposed to drink it, not bath in it."



Anne Crawford has just been given a contract by Gainsborough Pictures. Strictly between ourselves, we would give her anything she asked for, too.

THE NAUGHTY NINETIES or Papa's Back-room Girls

This little pig went wee-wee all the way home! Firewoman Mira Shaw took the curl out of this pig's tail when he wandered in from Waltham Abbey cattle market across the street from the fire station.



It took a brave man to go back stage at the Gaiety in those days. He never knew when a petticoat would fall on his head and suffocate him!

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Could she do the Can-Can when she's canned?"

